daughter, I would speake with her, go you call hither my foole; O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you whoreson dog, you slaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you rascall?

Stew. Ile not be strucke my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canst not smile as the winde sits, thou't catch colde shortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two of his daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed sirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that must to kennell, he must bee whipt out, when Lady oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a speech. *Lear.* Do.

Foole. Marke it Vncle; haue more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then

thou goest, learne more then thou trowest, set lesse then thou throwest, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou shalt haue more, then two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for it; can you make no vse of nothing Vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prethee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Dost thou know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a sweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Foole. That Lord that counsaild thee to giue away thy Land,
Come place him heere by me, do thou for him stand,
The sweete and bitter foole will presently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me foole boy?

Foole. Al thy other Titles thou hast giuen away, that thou wast borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part on't, and knaues too, they will not let me haue all foole to my selfe, thei'l be snatching; giue me an egge Nunckle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge: when thou cloueſt thy crowne in the middle, and gaueſt away both parts, thou boreſt thy asse on thy back ore the dirt, thou hadst little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gaueſt thy golden one away; if I speak like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.
Fooles had nere lesse wit in a yeare,
For wise men are growne foppish,
They know not how their wits do weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs sirra?